

The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,"
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED
BY F. D. STEELE

The Adventure of the Six Napoleons

No. 8 of the Series

(Continued from last week)

In rapid succession we passed through the fringe of fashionable London, hotel London, theatrical London, literary London, commercial London, and, finally, maritime London, till we came to a riverside city of 100,000 souls, where the tenement houses sweltered and reek with the outskirts of Europe. Here, in a broad thoroughfare, once the abode of wealthy city merchants, we found the sculpture works for which we searched. Outside was a considerable yard full of monumental masonry. Inside was a large room in which fifty workers were carving or molding. The manager, a big blond German, received us civilly and gave a clear answer to all Holmes' questions. A reference to his books showed that hundreds of casts had been taken from a marble copy of Devine's head of Napoleon, but that the three which had been sent to Morse Hudson a year or so before had been half of a batch of six, the other three being sent to Harding Bros. of Kensington. There was no reason why those six should be different from any of the other casts. He could suggest no possible cause why any one should wish to destroy them—in fact, he laughed at the idea. Their wholesale price was 6 shillings, but the retailer would get 12 or more. The cast was taken in two molds from each side of the face, and then these two profiles of plaster of paris were joined together to make the complete bust. The work was usually done by Italians in the room we were in. When finished the busts were put on a table in the passage to dry and afterward stored. That was all he could tell us.

But the production of the photograph had a remarkable effect upon the manager. His face flushed with anger, and his brows knotted over his blue Tonic eyes.

"Ah, the rascal!" he cried. "Yes, indeed, I know him very well. This has always been a respectable establishment, and the only time that we have ever had the police in it was over this very fellow. It was more than a year ago now. He knifed another Italian in the street, and then he came to the works with the police on his heels, and he was taken here. Beppo was his name—his second name I never knew. I found me right for engaging a man with such a face. But he was a good workman—one of the best."

"What did he get?"

"The man lived, and he got off with a year. I have no doubt he is out now, but he has not dared to show his nose here. We have a cousin of his here, and I dare say he could tell you where he is."

"No, no," cried Holmes; "not a word to the cousin—not a word, I beg of you. The matter is very important, and the farther I go with it the more important it seems to grow. When you referred in your ledger to the sale of those casts I observed that the date was June 3 of last year. Could you give me the date when Beppo was arrested?"

"I could tell you roughly by the pay list," the manager answered. "Yes," he continued, after some turning over of pages, "he was paid last on May 20."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "I don't think that I need intrude upon your time and patience any more." With a last word of caution that he should say nothing as to our researches we turned our faces westward once more.

The afternoon was far advanced before we were able to snatch a hasty luncheon at a restaurant. A news bill at the entrance announced: "Kensington Outrage. Murder by a Madman," and the contents of the paper showed that Mr. Horace Harker had got his account into print after all. Two columns were occupied with a highly sensational and flowery rendering of the whole incident. Holmes propped it against the cruet stand and read it while he ate. Once or twice he chuckled.

"This is all right, Watson," said he. "Listen to this: 'It is satisfactory to know that there can be no difference of opinion upon this case, since Mr. Lestrade, one of the most experienced members of the official force, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the well known consulting expert, have each come to the conclusion that the grotesque series of incidents, which have ended in so tragic a fashion, arise from insanity rather than from deliberate crime. No ex-

planation save mental aberration can cover the facts.' The press, Watson, is a most valuable institution, if you only know how to use it. And now, if you have quite finished, we will hark back to Kensington and see what the manager of Harding Bros. has to say on the matter."

The founder of that great emporium proved to be a brisk, crisp little person, very dapper and quick, with a clear head and a ready tongue.

"Yes, sir, I have already read the account in the evening papers. Mr. Horace Harker is a customer of ours. We supplied him with the bust some months ago. We ordered three busts of that sort from Gelder & Co. of Stepney. They are all sold now. To whom? Oh, I dare say by consulting our sales book we could very easily tell you. Yes, we have the entries here. One to Mr. Harker, you see, and one to Mr. Josiah Brown of Laburnum Lodge, Laburnum Vale, Chiswick, and one to Mr. Sandeford of Lower Grove road, Reading. No, I have never seen this face which you show me in the photograph. You would hardly forget it, would you, sir, for I've seldom seen an uglier. Have we any Italians on the staff? Yes, sir; we have several among our workpeople and cleaners. I dare say they might get a peep at that sales book if they wanted to. There is no particular reason for keeping a watch upon that book. Well, well, it's a very strange business, and I hope that you will let me know if anything comes of your inquiries."

Holmes had taken several notes during Mr. Harding's evidence, and I could see that he was thoroughly satisfied by the turn which affairs were taking. He made no remark, however, save that unless we hurried we should be late for our appointment with Lestrade. Sure enough, when we reached Baker street the detective was already there, and we found him pacing up and down in a fever of impatience. His look of importance showed that his day's work had not been in vain.

"Well?" he asked. "What luck, Mr. Holmes?"

"We have had a very busy day and not entirely a wasted one," my friend explained. "We have seen both the re-

trace, probably the photograph we found in his pocket is the man himself, so that he may not knife the wrong person. He dogs the fellow, he sees him enter a house, he waits outside for him, and in the scuffle he receives his own death wound. How is that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Holmes clapped his hands approvingly.

"Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!" he cried. "But I didn't quite follow your explanation of the destruction of the busts."

"The busts! You never can get those busts out of your head. After all, that is nothing; petty larceny, six months at the most. It is the murder that we are really investigating, and I tell you that I am gathering all the threads into my hands."

"And the next stage?"

"Is a very simple one. I shall go down with Hill to the Italian quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got and arrest him on the charge of murder. Will you come with us?"

"I think not. I fancy we can attain our end in a simpler way. I can't say for certain because it all depends—well, it all depends upon a factor which is completely outside our control. But I have great hopes—in fact, the betting is exactly two to one—that if you will come with us tonight I shall be able to help you to lay him by the heels."

"In the Italian quarter?"

"No; I fancy Chiswick is an address which is more likely to find him. If you will come with me to Chiswick tonight, Lestrade, I'll promise to go to the Italian quarter with you tomorrow, and no harm will be done by the delay. And now I think that a few hours' sleep would do us all good, for I do not propose to leave before 11 o'clock, and it is unlikely that we shall be back before morning. You'll dine with us, Lestrade, and then you are welcome to the sofa until it is time for us to start. In the meantime, Watson, I should be glad if you would ring for an express messenger, for I have a letter to send, and it is important that it should go at once."

Holmes spent the evening in rummaging among the files of the old daily papers with which one of our lumber rooms was packed. When at last he descended it was with triumph in his eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part I had followed step by step the methods by which he had traced the various windings of this complex case, and though I could not yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that Holmes expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busts, one of which, I remembered, was at Chiswick. No doubt the object of our journey was to catch him in the very act, and I could not but admire the cunning with which my friend had



HE PICKED UP HIS HUNTING CROP AND STRUCK NAPOLEON

tailors and also the wholesale manufacturers. I can trace each of the busts now from the beginning."

"The busts?" cried Lestrade. "Well, well, you have your own methods, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and it is not for me to say a word against them, but I think I have done a better day's work than you. I have identified the dead man."

"You don't say so?"

"And found a cause for the crime."

"Splendid!"

"We have an inspector who makes a specialty of Saffron Hill and the Italian quarter. Well, this dead man had some Catholic emblem round his neck, and that, along with his color, made me think he was from the south. Inspector Hill knew him the moment he caught sight of him. His name is Pietro Venturo, from Naples, and he is one of the greatest cutthroats in London. He is connected with the Mafia, which, as you know, is a secret political society, enforcing its decrees by murder. Now, you see how the affair begins to clear up. The other fellow is probably an Italian also and a member of the Mafia. He has broken the rules in some fashion. Pietro is set upon his

inserted a wrong ciew in the evening paper, so as to give the fellow the idea that he could continue his scheme with impunity. I was not surprised when Holmes suggested that I should take my revolver with me. He had himself picked up the loaded hunting crop, which was his favorite weapon.

A four wheeler was at the door at 11, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith bridge. Here the cabman was directed to wait. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gatepost of one of them. The occupants had evidently retired to rest, for all was dark save for a faint light over the hall door, which shed a single blurred circle on to the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the inner side, and here it was that we crouched.

"I fear that you'll have a long wait," Holmes whispered. "We may thank our stars that it is not raining. I

(Continued on next page.)

Timber Land Notice.

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, August 14 1905. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Hellen Miller, of Lake City, county of Mosier, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2971, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 SE 1/4 SW 1/4 NE 1/4 and SW 1/4 NW 1/4 of Section No. 29 in Township 40 S, R. 22 E. W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on Thursday, the 23 day of November, 1905. He names as witnesses: James Dodson, of Adel, Oregon; Eldon Woodcock, George Hankins and P. M. Curry, of Lakeview, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23d day of November 1905.

J. N. Watson, Register.

Final Proof.

Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 9th, 1905. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 21st day of November, 1905, viz:

William H. Benefield, H. E. No. 2498, for the W 1/2 NE 1/4 SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 SE 1/4 sec. 18 Tp. 36 S., R. 22 E. w. m.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:

C. W. Dent of Lakeview, Oregon; Edmond Lynch, J. M. Parrish, B. C. Haskins, of Plush, Oregon.

J. N. Watson, Register. 41 45

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 4, 1905.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 25th day of November, 1905, viz:

Albert Dent, H. E. No. 2945, for the SE 1/4 NE 1/4 E 1/2 SE 1/4 sec. 31, Sw 1/4 Sw 1/4

sec. 32 Tp. 39 S., R. 17 E. w. m.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:

Charles Patmerlee, James I. Meilek, of Vastilis; George L. Holbrook, A. W. Howard, W. D. Tracy, of Lakeview, Oregon; J. N. Watson, Register. 45

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 16, 1905.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on 27th day of November 1905; viz:

Gideon Sherman, H. E. No. 2709, for the SW 1/4 NE 1/4 W 1/2 SE 1/4 and SE 1/4 Sw 1/4, sec. 17, Tp. 41 S., R. 21 E., w. m.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Geo. Sherman, B. L. Reid, A. M. Smith, James Vincent, all of New Pine Creek, Oregon. J. N. Watson, Register. 42 46

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Sept. 29, 1905.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 13th day of November, 1905, viz:

Edwin T. Bishop, H. E. No. 2258, for the NE 1/4 SW 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 6, and NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 5, Tp. 40 S., R. 20 E., w. m.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, to-wit:

W. G. Spencer, Al. Cheney, Elbert S. Morris, I. W. Bishop, all of Lakeview, Oregon. J. N. Watson, Register. 44

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